

Artist Name:

MR. @ MIA UNDER HOOD

Hello, I'm misunderstood. How are you?

This year I'm submitting 2 pieces of work. "Black Jack" & "SURVIVAL"  
Both different, but both similar as well. The thing is my mind set has been stuck on adapting to reality. Lately I've been trying to decide on being in one world. Its hard not being in one place. I'm deciding on if I need to give up the hope of being freed. If I let go of that Idea of a 2<sup>nd</sup> chance at life. Maybe I could have a better life in here instead of this psychological mind game, of survival. I'm tired of playing with my own life. I think I need to be more care less, like when I came to be in this place called prison. The World never wanted me. Society always hated people like me. What if its time to say f\*ck it? I never felt more comfort in my own skin, than when I didn't give a f. I miss that freedom. If I'm never going home anyways, shouldn't I find comfort in myself. Thus the reason I escape through art. Sometimes I use art to express my ideas. These are my fantasies. My shared thoughts. My evolution. My reason. Understand me?